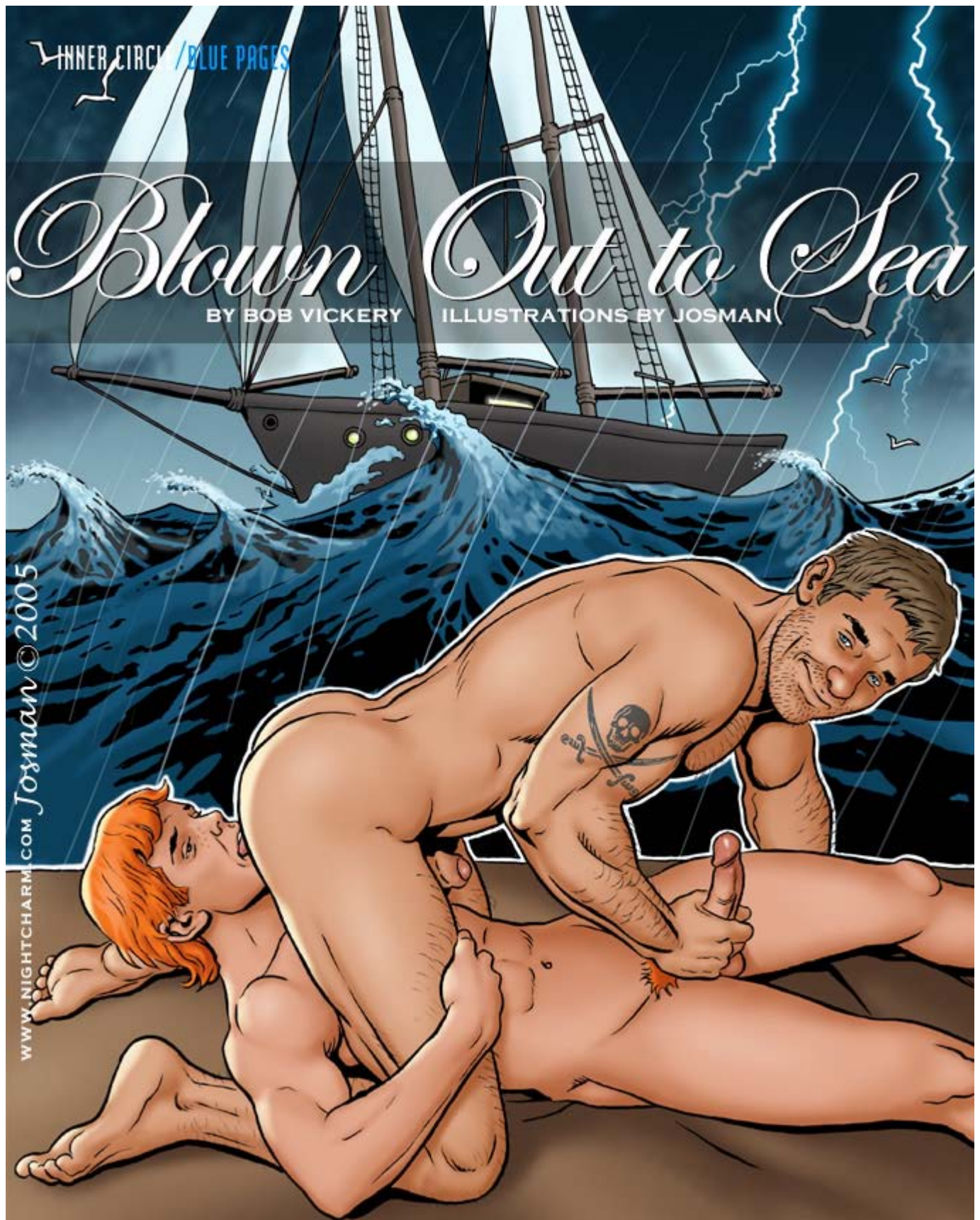




I'm dreaming that I'm swinging in a hammock gone amok, pitching wildly back and forth, when a hand

shakes my shoulder. I open my eyes and see Jonas' face looming over me, a big, silly grin on it. I know that grin; I also know that gleam in his eyes. "Go away," I mumble, turning over on my side. "I'm sleeping."

But Jonas will have none of that. "C'mon, Chris," he croons in my ear. I'm the youngest guy on the schooner and my two crewmates treat me like their favorite kid brother. Jonas plays with my hair. "I've been fighting a storm for four fucking hours," he says, "while you're sawing logs. I need a little loving to get me feeling good again." He slides a hand underneath the blanket and squeezes my cock. His hand is like a block of ice.

"Christ!" I bolt up in my sleeping bunk. Jonah laughs and I glare at him. But I see by the light of the lantern swinging overhead that he's shivering and that his hair is plastered down against his skull by rain and seawater. I also notice the rings of exhaustion under his eyes. The Billy B. (named after an old boyfriend of Jonas', long since sailed off to other ports) is pitching a lot steeper than when I got off my watch and the wind is howling like a sonuvabitch. Tiger, the third and most ornery member of our crew, is going to have his hands full as Jonas' relief.

"Come on," I say through a yawn, lifting up the blankets. "Get your things off and climb in."

Jonas doesn't have to be told twice. With a wide grin, he shucks off his clothes and dives under the blankets. He wraps powerful arms around me and pulls me against him in a tight bear hug. I lay my head on his chest. His skin is wet and clammy, but he's shivering less now; we just lie there, quietly, letting the boat rock us as Jonas' body takes on my own heat. Jonas sighs in contentment and then kisses me lightly, his beard tickling my chin. He rests his large, calloused hand on my thigh and strokes my leg. I shift my position, snuggling closer to him, feeling the hard muscularity of his body, the fur of his chest. Jonas' hand slides up my thigh and cups my ass as he begins to dry hump my belly with his hard, thick dick.

He reaches down and wraps his hand around both our dicks, stroking them together with a slow, lazy rhythm. The heat of his dick flows into mine, and I can feel the weight of his balls against my thigh. I start pumping my hips, fucking his fist, sliding my dick against his, as I run my hands over his body. His chest is like the trunk of a redwood in a green, quiet forest, his ass like smooth, sun-warmed rock. For a few seconds I forget that I'm on 36-foot ketch in a South Pacific storm, bobbing between waves as tall as two-story buildings. I give Jonas a long, wet kiss, pushing my tongue deep into his mouth. Jonas gives a muffled groan and rolls on top of me.

We thrash around in the bunk, getting tangled in the blankets, our bodies rocking back and forth as the Billy B. bucks the storm. Jonas sits on my chest and drops his balls in my mouth; I roll them around with my tongue as he slaps my face with his dick. As I suck on Jonas' fleshy scrotum, I look up at him, past the long expanse of muscled, tattooed flesh, into his broad, good-natured face. Jonas isn't what anyone would call "classically handsome." A convincing argument could be made that he's downright homely: a red bulbous nose; a too-wide mouth; eyes that are small and pig-like. Yet to know Jonas is to love him -- and to love seeing his face light up with ball-tingling pleasure.

Jonas pivots around on my face and takes firm hold of my dick. His back to me now, he bends down and runs his tongue around the head of my cock, slobbering on it, getting it all juiced up. All I see of him now is his ass and the slow, heavy swing of his balls. Nature has compensated for Jonas' face by giving him a truly beautiful ass: smooth and round, firm and perfectly bubbled. I reach up and reverently part the two fleshy half-moons, and his puckered bung hole winks at me. I bury my face in his crack and bathe it with my tongue. Jonas groans, his voice muffled by a mouthful of dick. I thrust my hips up, shoving my cock deeper down his throat and then I chow down on his pink, ocean-bathed sphincter.

When I finally come up for air, I start tonguing Jonas' dick and balls until Jonas shifts his body. He's laying beside me now rather than on top, and I dive in again, getting full access to his meaty shaft. I pause for a second and gaze at it, all thick and veined, topped with a reddened uncut knob, already oozing pre-come. Just beautiful, I think. Jonas contracts his asshole and his dick gives a sharp throb. "Do you like it, Chris?" he asks, grinning.

"Yeah, Jonas," I laugh. "You're a goddamn miracle of Nature."

His grin widens. He twitches his fat red dick, and my mouth starts to water at the sight of it. "You can suck it now, lad," he whispers tenderly.

I run my tongue from the base of Jonas' dick slowly up the thick shaft and then swirl it around the swollen knob. Jonas sighs. I suddenly swoop down and work his shaft down my throat, pressing my nose against his black, crinkly pubes. Jonas cries out from the shiver of unexpected pleasure. He gobbles down on my dick with all the enthusiasm of a shark feeding on chum, and we both settle down into the serious business of cocksucking. Sixty-nine is no mean feat when the both of you are being tossed around on a stormy sea like a sack of crabs. Jonas and I roll with the pitch and yaw of the Billy B., sucking and slurping as best we can, making up for our lack of finesse with our enthusiasm.

Jonas' body quivers, and I feel the jolt of his orgasm sweep across his body. He throws back his head and bellows as the first squirt of jizz hits the back of my throat. I suck eagerly, moving my head back and forth to heighten the sensation of my lips on his dick shaft. Jonas groans mightily as the next jizz wave slams down my throat, and then a third and a fourth. It feels like I've drunk about a quart of the creamy load before Jonas finally rolls over on his back, panting.

"Shoot on my face, Chris," he says. "Slime it up good!"



I'm happy to oblige. I straddle his chest and fuck my fist furiously. The boat makes a wild plunge down a wave trough, and the lamp swings wildly. It's like having sex on a goddamn roller coaster! Jonas reaches up and gives my nipples a sharp twist, his eyes drilling into mine. That's all I need to push me over the edge. I cry out, feeling my dick pulse in my hand as my load spews out and splatters all over Jonas' face. His cheek and chin get smeared with the ropy strands of jizz. I bend down and kiss Jonas gently, then lick his face, methodically getting every dribble and sperm-clump until his face is tongue-bathed and clean. He pulls me down and envelops me in his huge fisherman's arms, and we lay there, flesh to flesh, as the boat heaves and the winds howl at typhoon speeds. I drift off into sleep, my head nestled against his furred chest.

It seems like I've just shut my eyes when I hear Tiger bellowing from above deck: "GET YOUR ASS UP HERE, CHRIS, AND RELIEVE ME!" *Oh, shit!* I think. I disentangle myself from Jonas' arms and scramble out of the bunk, hurriedly pulling on my shorts. Jonas mumbles something, turns over on his side, and falls back to sleep. The wind is still howling, and the Billy B. is leaping up and down the waves as wildly as ever. I don foul weather gear and a yellow slicker, then climb up the ladder.

With his salt-and-pepper beard and hard, gray eyes, Tiger looks like a perpetually pissed-off extra out of *Moby Dick* -- a man married to the sea and made bitter by her. He swings his gaze towards me, and I make a point not to flinch. Tiger was born sailing boats and has been zigzagging across the Pacific for the past 35 years. He and Jonas go back a long way, even though Jonas is a good 20 years younger. Still Jonas is the boss, so Tiger defers to him and gives him some slack. But Tiger regards me as the purest greenhorn, a landlubber, a dumb kid, and, at best, tolerates, rather than relates directly to me. Right now, his disgusted look says he's got me classified somewhere around "fishbait." He steps aside from the helm, and I take over the wheel. As he climbs down the ladder, Tiger barely turns back to me, muttering over his shoulder, "Wake me up when you need help -- *boy!*"

But I don't need any of his help. I've lucked out because I've missed the brunt of the storm. The winds are already lessening, and as each hour passes the storm grows tamer. Finally it's just a relentless warm rain. The sky lightens to an iron-gray. By the time I hit the mid-point of my watch, the night has pretty much disappeared. By early afternoon, the rain has stopped and the wind has died down to 30 knots. Jonas has joined me on the deck. He gripes that the seas are still mighty choppy, but I don't get the feeling we're skirting along the edge of disaster anymore. That is, until Tiger comes clomping up the ladder, his face grim.

"We lost our water," he growls miserably to Jonas. "In all the banging around last night, the fresh-water tank got cracked. Most of our drinking supply has leaked into the bilge."

Jonas, who is taking a reading of our position with the sextant, lowers his arms. "Shit!" is all he can say.

Tiger holds up a jerry can. "I was able to fill this before it all leaked out. I don't think the water will last us till we get to Honolulu, though."

I look from face to face. "Is this where one of us volunteers to jump overboard?" I ask jokingly, but Tiger flashes me a "Grow up, asshole" look and even Jonas can only manage a tense smile. He shakes his head. "Of course, we don't find this out until *after* the rain has stopped," Jonas says. "Fucking brilliant." He goes back to his sextant as if nothing has happened.

Six days follow of sun, unrelenting sun and fair skies. We are soon down to two cups of water a day per man. Since I'm the cook on the Billy B., I avoid using the supplies that will increase thirst. So salty fresh catches from the sea are out of the question. Somebody up there has a lousy sense of humor.

On the sixth day, I'm the first to see the dot, 20 degrees off the starboard bow. I'm alone on deck and my morning watch is just about winding down. I call down the hatch, "Guys, there's a ship out there!"

Scrambling up the ladder, both men peer over the bow along side me, Jonas with binoculars held up to his eyes. "It's some kind of fishing boat," he says. Tiger is already hailing it on the radio. We hear static and Spanish in return. Jonas takes over the mike, speaking rapid Spanish. When he ends transmission, he turns to us with a grin. It's the first real one I've seen in days. "A Peruvian tuna clipper, " he tells us. "They've agreed to give us enough fresh water to get to Honolulu."

We watch as the boat grows larger, changing course. It pulls up about thirty feet from us. Jonas and I row across in the Billy B.'s inflatable dinghy, with as many empty cans as we can get our hands on. The clipper is pretty weather beaten. Its paint job is peeling and the upper part of its hull is covered in barnacles. I can just make out the name -- *Celestina* --amid the flaking red paint. We scramble aboard. The boat has just hauled in a ton of fish and tuna lie everywhere on the deck in silvery piles, some still flapping around.

The crew consists of two brothers who introduce themselves as Rodrigo and Jose. Rodrigo is the elder, mid-twenties maybe. He is tall, powerfully built, with a three-day stubble and a thick, black moustache. His dark eyes regard us shrewdly. Jose is shorter and wirier, with an open babyface. He seems just barely out of his teens, a year or two younger than me. He flashes us a smile and a row of teeth that gleam in his dark face.

Jonas and I fill our cans, Jonas chattering in Spanish with the two of them. Rodrigo plays host, pulling out a gray metal flask and passing it around. I sniff cautiously when it's my turn. Bourbon, pretty rotgut stuff. That doesn't prevent me from taking a deep swig. Shit, getting it down is a bad as shaking it off! That doesn't change anything, of course, and by my fourth pass-around, things have loosened up on board the good ship *Celestina* quite a bit!

Rodrigo says something to Jonas without taking his eyes off of me. Jose blushes, all babyface glee, and Jonas' smile widens lustily. Jonas winks over to me. "Rodrigo thinks you're good looking," he says, pinching my ass.

"Does he," I say, amused but skeptical. "And how am I supposed to take that?"

"It looks like anyway you want," Jonas replies with a good-natured shrug.

Rodrigo and I exchange a long look. The man's black eyes bore into mine with unmistakable invitation. He has a sensual mouth, full and red; his shirt is unbuttoned, affording a glimpse of brown, well-muscled torso. I glance over at his kid-brother Jose and see the same light in his softer eyes. Suddenly he doesn't seem like such a kid anymore.

I turn to Jonas. "Do these guys speak *any* English?"

"Not as far as I can tell."

"They're a couple of horny bastards," I say. "What do you say, should we thank them properly for saving our lives?"

Jonas glances at the two brothers, and they grin and nod their heads at him. Apparently the invitation isn't limited just to me. "Hell, yeah!" Jonas laughs. He pulls off his T-shirt, and motions for amiable Jose to come over.

Jose is happy to oblige. He walks up to Jonas and runs his hands over my crewmate's muscular chest. Jonas pulls him close, kissing Jose hard, their mouths working together, their hands exploring each other's bodies. Jonas unbuckles Jose's belt and the boy's loose denim jeans drop. His dick is a hard outline in his white briefs.

Rodrigo comes up beside me and lightly lays a hand on my chest. He towers over me, a good three or four inches taller, and I look up into his face. He's still smiling, but his eyes are calculating. His forehead is lined with sweat; drops sparkle in his thick eyebrows. He bends down and kisses me, thrusting his tongue deep down my throat. I taste the rotgut bourbon that I smell on his breath. His body stinks of man-sweat

and fish. Breathing it all in makes my dick spring up hard. I slide his shirt off his shoulders. It drops to the deck. I lift his arm and burrow my face in his smelly pit. Man-musk envelops me. I feel dizzy.

I tongue the pit, glancing over in Jonas' direction. He's turned away from me, and I take in the bull-muscled back, the clench and release of his smooth, perfect ass. He is plowing Jose's mouth. I reach over and run my hand down the curve of Jonas' spine, feeling the play of muscles beneath my finger tips. I give his butt a squeeze and then slip a finger into his ass crack Jonas turns his homely-guy face towards me and gives me a randy wink.



I wink back and then turn to Rodrigo, who kisses me, shoving his tongue deep into my mouth. The mouth-lock last for breathless, endless moments, and when I finally do pull out, I drag my tongue down

Rodrigo's neck. My tongue traces a course across his chest, swirling around the nipples, delivering gentle bites. He follows my progress with his lips to my ear, crooning torrents of filthy-sounding Spanish. I sink to my knees with his voice still invoking low, guttural curses then drag my tongue across Rodrigo's torso, into his belly button, across the hard-ridged abs.

My knees are scraping on the fish scales as they slip about in the sea slime that coats the deck. Rodrigo's cock looms above my face. It is thick and as gnarled with veins as a madrone root. For the past five months, I've been feeding exclusively on Jonas' meat; I know Jonas' fat pink cock and plump balls as well as I know my own. By contrast, Rodrigo's dick is a coffee color, the flared head purple, the balls saggy in a fleshy sac that is as purple-black as twilight.

I bury my nose in them and breathe in the rank, musky odor. Rodrigo's body is a garden of strange, ripe stinks. I suck in his balls, one egg than the other, slurping them with my tongue. Rodrigo slaps my face with his dick, smearing pre-come against my cheek. I look up with my mouth full of scrotal flesh, across the long expanse of Rodrigo's tightly muscled body. Framed by blue sky, he is brown and golden. He smiles down at me, a gold tooth flashing, his eyes narrow and shrewd.

Rodrigo buries his fingers into my hair and with a quick snap of his wrist, yanks my head back. The gesture is rough, violent; I feel a flash of anger. But Rodrigo just gives a dirty laugh. He traces his fingers down my face, across my lids and cheeks, cradling my chin with his hand as his eyes burn into mine. He bluntly lays his fingers across my lips. I open my mouth and suck on them, nursing on the fish taste. Rodrigo grasps my head and replaces his fingers with his stiff cock.

He begins pumping his hips, grinding them into my face as he pushes my head down on his cock. I feel it hitting hard against the back of my throat and for a moment I gag, then control it, then gag again. I close my eyes. I sink into the sensation of having new cock stuffed into my mouth. Rodrigo fucks my face with brutal strokes, growling to me in Spanish. I twist my head from side to side to give him the full benefit of lips against shaft. He groans and quickens the thrusts.

I glance over at Jonas and Jose. Jose is flat on his back amid a pile of fish, with Jonas sprawled on top of him, dry humping his belly. Dying tuna flap around them.

"This pretty boy is begging for a serious fucking," Jonas calls out to me. "And I don't have any rubbers!"

I feel around on the deck until I find my shorts and free a packet of condoms from a pocket. I tear one off and toss it to Jonas. He stares at the silver square that has landed by his knee, then give me a stunned look. "How the hell did you wind up carrying these along?"

I take the dick out of my mouth. "I needed to replenish the supply under my bunk so I pulled a packet out of storage this morning and forgot it was in my pocket. But hey, isn't that what you're always trying to teach me about sailing?" He looks puzzled. "Anticipate all emergencies," I explain, trying to control a laugh.

Jonas shakes his head and rolls the condom down on his dick. I turn to Rodrigo. Never glancing away from his face, I tear off the top of the foil with my teeth and expertly unroll the condom down his shaft. All at once he pushes me down, a brawny forearm pinning me against the deck. Hoisting my legs over his shoulders, he scoops up a handful of fish slime from a puddle on the deck. I watch as he liberally slicks his cock with goo and wait for my ass to be impaled.

Rodrigo now studies the entrance of my hole like an archer about to nail a bullseye. His eyebrows knit in concentration, a low grunt escapes his throat. He rubs some slime into the hole, with first two fingers, then four. The hand makes a fist and for a couple of heartbeats, we lay motionless like this, breathless. I

push the fist out; it's too much right now, but something I definitely want to look into. A project for Jonas. Rodrigo understands and replaces the hand with the tentative prod of his thick, but more manageable, cock. With a gentleness that surprises me, he slips the cock fully in, waits for me to adjust myself to his girth, then pumps slowly as if testing my tolerance. I moan and nod yes. Gradually he picks up speed. I push up to meet him and when I do that, the pace picks up, becoming as brutal as the throat-fucking he had given me. The slams come hard now. His balls slap against my upraised thighs.

It's late afternoon and the sun, blazing down on us, glares off the slick deck. Sweat trickles down Rodrigo's face, splashing down at times onto my torso. I reach up and twist his nipples, not gently. He bares his teeth and grinds his hips against me with a new fierceness; it feels like I have about 24 inches of cock in me. I clench my ass muscles, clamping down on Rodrigo's cock. He gasps and then gives off a long, trailing groan. I arch my back up and clench again. Rodrigo groans, this time louder, his eyes widening. I push my hips up to meet Rodrigo and, matching the violent rhythm of his thrusts, I beat off at the same time, timing my strokes to the pounding in my ass.

Things are falling apart into a hallucinatory chaos of images: Rodrigo's shrewd black eyes, his brown, sweaty torso, the boat-mast pitching and yawing above his head, the creak of rigging, the unrelenting sun -- and everywhere the flapping bodies of dying tuna.

Rodrigo has sped up fanatically, slamming dick into ass with a punishing force. His mouth hangs open, little whimpers escaping from it. I reach over and yank his balls, and this makes Rodrigo throw back his head and bite his lips with a hissing intake of air. He shudders, and I feel a load pulse out of his dick and squirt into the condom up my ass. I jerk myself off hard now, quick strokes, full strokes. With a powerful throb, an orgasm sweeps over me. Jizz flies everywhere. Onto my belly, my chest, my hair. Rodrigo groans his approval, then collapses on top of me, pushing tongue into my mouth.

I glance over at Jonas, get an eyeful of his ass pumping into the brown-skinned boy who bends over the deck, his ass in the air. Jonas' balls are swinging like a ship's bells in heavy weather. The fish nearby are now pretty much scattered, and tuna bodies lay strewn all over the deck. Jonas wraps his bear arms around Jose, and Jose moans. Jonas joins him, their groans and moans rising in pitch and volume. Suddenly he pulls out, rips the condom off, and starts jacking off. He hurries around to the other side of Jose, then his whole body shakes as a thick, ropy wad of jizz squirts off into Jose's face. Jose opens his mouth and Jonas shoot another streamer down his throat, then another. Jose laps up the residue from his lower lip and his own load oozes out between his fingers.



Jonas is full of post-fuck energy. He shakes his body vigorously, like some old mutt coming out of the sea. Drops of sweat scatter. The look he gives me is glassy from heat and spent sex, his silly lopsided grin the same as ever. "Sex in exchange for drinking water," he says with a laugh. "Now that's a trade I can live with!" I nod, but say nothing.

We row back to the Billy B. with our water containers full. Tiger eyes us suspiciously as we scramble aboard but says nothing. It's clear he wants to know why we took so long, but he'll be damned if he's going to break down and ask us. Jonas hands over a couple of the containers for Tiger to stow. Tiger wrinkles his nose. "Christ!" he exclaims. "You stink worse than a beached whale."

"We were on a fucking tuna boat!" Jonas replies, all innocence. "What do you expect?"

Soon, though, we decide Tiger is right. Jonas and I dive naked into the ocean to wash off the stink. Warm as bath water, the Pacific stretches out around us like a sheet of polished metal. We can just make out the Celestina, which is a dot on the horizon again, Rodrigo and Jose fading to a hot memory that blurs into the sunset.

Jonas is more playful than ever as we bob in the water. He grabs my legs from below and gives me a good dunking. We race each other back to the Billy B. I tread water, watching him climb aboard, taking in his beautifully muscled back and that killer ass. Our little adventure on the Celestina has only whetted my appetite for more. I'm already hard thinking about the things I want Jonas to try on me. God but his arms are powerful, and his paws would make a punishing fist. I climb the ladder. Tiger observes me coming on deck, taking in my stiffened dick with a smirk. "Kid," he mutters to himself.

With enough water to reach Honolulu in comfort, I start pulling together dinner, at last able to fry some tasty. salty fish on the butane grill, happy to know that tonight, stretched out on his bunk, naked and ready, I will have Jonas, my hot homely guy, all to myself.